



---

The Docket

Historical Archives

---

12-1-1992

## The Docket, Issue 5, December 1992

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.law.villanova.edu/docket>

---

### Recommended Citation

"The Docket, Issue 5, December 1992" (1992). *The Docket*. 169.  
<https://digitalcommons.law.villanova.edu/docket/169>

This 1992-1993 is brought to you for free and open access by the Historical Archives at Villanova University Charles Widger School of Law Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Docket by an authorized administrator of Villanova University Charles Widger School of Law Digital Repository.



# THE VILLANOVA DOCKET



Vol. XXIX, No. 5

THE VILLANOVA SCHOOL OF LAW

December, 1992

## Advice on Finals How Not to Succeed in Law School

*The following section of this law review article are being published with the kind permission of Professor James D. Gordon, III, professor of law at Brigham Young University Law School. Additional sections will be reprinted in subsequent issues of The Villanova Docket.*

### EXAMS

Studies have shown that the best way to learn is to have frequent exams on small amounts of material and to receive lots of feedback from the teacher. Consequently, law school does none of this. Anyone can learn under ideal conditions: law school is supposed to be an intellectual challenge. Therefore, law professors give only one exam, the FINAL EXAM OF THE LIVING DEAD, and they give absolutely no feedback before then. Actually, they give no feedback after then, either, because they don't return the exams to the students. A few students go and look at their exams after they are graded, but this is a complete waste of time, unless they just want to see again what they wrote and have a combat veteran-type flashback of the whole horrific nightmare. The professors never write any comments on the exams. That might permit you to do better next time, which would upset the class ranking.

Another reason that law professors give only one exam is that, basically, they are lazier than three-toed sloths. They teach half as many hours as other professors, are paid twice as much, and get promoted three times as fast. Then, they whine like three-year-olds because they have to grade one exam per class. I mean, this is every single semester, year in and year out. The constant grind is enough to kill a person, I tell you.

Since professors won't tell you how to do well on your exams, I will. Because you cover so much material, you need to make an outline for each class. You can do this alone, assuming you have about an extra thousand years to kill. An easier way is for your study group to divide up the classes, with each person outlining one class. This differs from the prior approach in that it is humanly possible. You are likely, however, to open up your study group's contracts outline the night before the exam and find a sentence like this: "An offer is the manifestation of gooberness to enter into a something or other (I didn't catch what the professor said here) so made as to justify

another person in understanding that [illegible] is invited and will gyre and gimble in the wabe. Or something like this." You then realize that the classmate who wrote this dropped out six weeks ago and is inaccessible by telephone, and you run around the room screaming like the lunatic that you are. So it's really better just to buy the commercial outline and forget it.

Then, memorize the outline. As you pour it in the top of your head, most of it will run out your ears. Keep scooping up the stuff that runs out your ears and pour it back into the top of your head. Eventually, a little of it will begin to stick. You should also use acronyms, or "pneumatic devices," to help you memorize. For example, the prima facie case of a tort action for negligence has several elements: an Act of omission, a Duty, a Breach, Actual cause, Proximate cause, and Damages. The first letters of these elements are A, D, B, A, P, and D. Now, think of a sentence using words beginning with those letters. For example, *Ann Drop-kicked Bunnies And Pretty Ducks*. See? You will never forget the elements of negligence again. You can use this technique to remember everything you learn in law school. Using this method, one student was able to reduce his entire civil procedure outline to one word, and finally, to one letter. Then he forgot the letter.

Next, get some of the professors' old exams from the library and try to answer them. As you read them, note that you don't have the foggiest idea what they are asking. You can't even tell what the subject matter of the class was. Put the exams away. This year's test will probably be easier.

Then the two-week exam period begins in earnest, and the typical student begins to feel like a nine-lived cat run over by an eighteen-wheeler. To take their minds off the crush of exams, students engage in a variety of activities, such as:

Trying to concentrate while panicking.

Having anxiety attacks while panicking.

Having diarrhea while panicking.

Panicking while panicking.

I strongly recommend that you type your exams instead of writing them. There are several advantages to typing. For instance, you can bring a "memory typewriter," and when the exam begins you can push a button and your



typewriter will reproduce your entire outline. This is very handy.

You might find it a little difficult to concentrate in the typing room, because all those typewriters pounding together sound like a herd of elephants doing an impersonation of Gregory Hines. If somebody starts typing before you have even finished reading the first paragraph, don't get upset. It probably means nothing, except that someone is a genius and how are you supposed to compete with a genius and what are you doing in law school anyway!!! Take a deep breath. Take several deep breaths. Now you are hyperventilating and are going to pass out. Cease breathing.

The sound of the typewriters is not the only reason you're having trouble concentrating. You have not slept or eaten for two days. Also, you have not changed your clothes or bathed for a week, and things are beginning to get a little bit itchy. You are wearing a hat to hide the fact that your hair looks like the La Brea tar pits.

Try to hum a tune (to yourself, so that the person next to you doesn't bash you on the head with his typewriter) to help yourself relax. Suddenly — and you have never noticed this before — you realize that "La Bamba" has exactly the same chord progression as "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" and "Twist and Shout."

This will probably be hard to do, but let it go for now. You can think about it later — like during your next exam. Twist a little closer to your typewriter, and try to write something quasi-intelligent. Do not shout.

If there is a power failure or your typewriter breaks, don't panic. Calmly remove the paper from the typewriter, gently pick up a pen and scrawl across the page in ink mixed with blood: "TYPEWRITER BROKE!!! I WRITE NOW!!!" Then pass out. To avoid power and equipment failures, you might want to bring in a wheeled cart with about seventeen extra typewriters and a twelve volt car battery. Better yet, drive a pickup truck full of typewriters into the exam room and open the hood for access to the battery. It would be thoughtful to place a drip pan under the transmission. Also, be sure that the carriage on your typewriter is working, so that you don't end up typing 2,000 letters in one very black spot. This can make your answer hard to read.

The exam questions are usually absolutely hilarious fact situations that just slay students and send them into paroxysms of helpless laughter. Law professors learn how to write these witty exams at a seminar for new professors, "How to Make Up for Your Humorless Teaching Style

on the Final Exam." Try not to let the laughing get out of hand.

If your professor has stressed theory all semester and has insisted that there are no legal rules and that only an idiot would believe that there are rules, her exam will test you on the rules and the rules alone. These rules are printed in heavy black typeface in the commercial outlines, and are therefore called "black letter law." Do not confuse them with black letter theory, which will do you no good whatsoever on the exam.

You should use the "IRAC" method on the exam. "IRAC" stands for Issue, Rule, Application, and Conclusion. Be sure to discuss each part of the formula, except that you can skip the Conclusion, because it doesn't matter which way you come out. Also, there is no time to do the Application, because the exam is so chockful of issues that you barely have time to list them and try to state some semblance of a rule using only key words. It shouldn't really be called the "IRAC" method, but "IR" looks kind of stupid and makes it sound like law school exams test only memorization skills. Which, of course, is what they do.

Be sure to confront any ambiguities in the exam. They probably wound up in there accidentally, but the professor will never admit

(Continued on page 7)

### Inside This Edition

Holiday Humor .....	p.2
Events Pix .....	p.4-5
Roving Reporter .....	p.6
1-900-BOB-TALK .....	p.7

The Villanova Docket  
Villanova Law School  
Villanova, PA 19085

U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Villanova, Pa.  
Permit No. 5

Non-Profit Organization



## EDITORIAL

# And So It Goes . . .

by Angeline Chen

It's the holidays, or so they tell me. For the last three years, the winter holiday season has somehow come and gone without the opportunity to savor the anticipatory period that, for me, used to make the holidays so uniquely wonderful. There hasn't been much snow the past three years, either, so far as I can remember. Or maybe for a little longer. When I was growing up (no short jokes here, please!) I remember almost every December being snow-covered and sparkingly cold. It can't have been just a coincidence that all this seemed to change once I entered law school, could it?

For the last three years, the time period spanning from around December 6th or 7th through December 20th or 21st has been rather a blur — a grey, sleep-deprived (more than usual), frantic, exhausting, and honestly downright yucky time period at that. And then, suddenly, a wild rush of shopping (sustained by gallons of Mountain Dew and coffee), whirlwind wrapping, all-too-quick warm happy moments with the rest of my (now extended) family, and then PLUNK. Back to school. The grind begins again. The cycle revolves one more time. It's over before you even had a chance to blink. And we're doing this voluntarily?

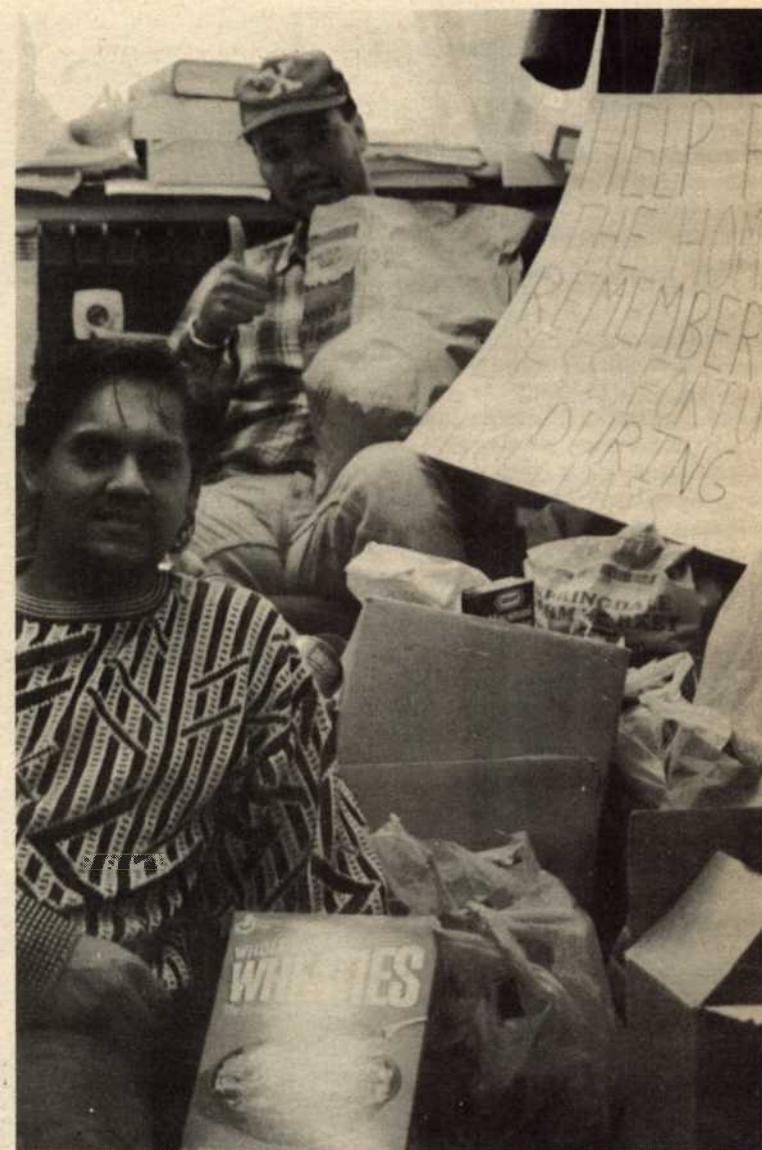
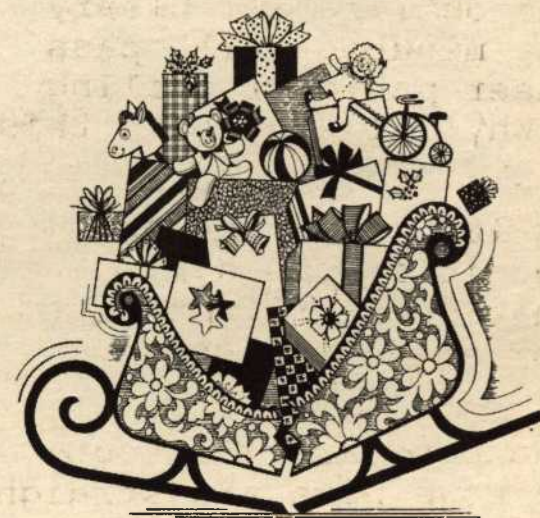
So, first years, you've survived. We knew you would. Question is, did you enjoy it? Are you still glad you're here, or do you regret the decision you (your parents/your spouse/your significant other/your friends) made to come to law school, in particular Villanova Law School? (Were you *ever* glad to be here?) Second years are at

the halfway mark. Believe me, we all sympathize. Third years? Well, we can see the light at the end of the tunnel, but it doesn't make us any less antsy to break the tape. Time will be soon enough to leave the ever-sheltering halls of Garey High. (Yee-haw! Alas, we hardly knew ye. Or rather, we knew ye all too well!)

And thus we usher in the New Year. Who knows what 1993 will hold for any of us. (The normal law student will hope for the usual: good grades (perhaps Law Review), graduation, survival. A job.) The past three years have been ones of tremendous change in every sphere of our lives, which makes it a little tough to imagine what to expect next that hasn't been done already. The world has changed, our society has changed, and even our small wee corner of the world has shifted around and had to dance the two-step a little

bit. We are the generation of transition and adjustment. We may face the New Year with resolution and best intentions, but no doubt 1993 will pass unnoticed for the most part — humans have the most perverse habit of being woefully unobservant. Nevertheless, we are here for our moment in time, and sometimes that is enough to make all the difference in the world. If we spend even just a few moments to realize how lucky we are compared to others, how much we have to be grateful for, maybe we'll remember it the next time we feel the urge to gripe and moan about the things that don't really quite matter as much in the long run of things, if you really think about it. Like finals. Maybe.

And who knows, maybe it will snow this year after all. See you in '93.



Phi Delta Phi Officers Mark Reed and Maneesh Garg with donations.

Through our communal efforts we were able to collect over three hundred pounds of food and four hundred and ninety-nine dollars during the Food Drive. The food went to Philabundance where they will be able to feed the Homeless in area shelters for

Thanksgiving. The money went to ACTS, a shelter that houses homeless women and their children, where they will be able to partake in the Holiday festivities of Thanksgiving. Thank you again for allowing others the joy of Thanksgiving.



## Holiday Humor

The trial was about to start; the defendant, the jury, and lawyers were all assembled. Just then, one of the jury members raised her hand, and the judge motioned her to speak.

"I'm afraid I cannot serve as a juror, Your Honor. One look at that man convinces me he is guilty."

The judge sighed. "That's the district attorney, Mrs. Atkinson."

\* \* \*

If law school is so hard to get through, how come there are so many lawyers?

— Calvin Trillin

\* \* \*

"I can't keep the visitors in the reception area," the new receptionist said to the attorney in frustration. "I know you're working on an important case, but when I say you're out, they just don't believe me. They say they must see you."

The lawyer looked up from his paper-strewn desk.

"Well, just tell them 'That's what they all say,'" replied the busy man. "I don't care if you're insolent and obnoxious. I must prepare tomorrow's case, and I can't be disturbed anymore!"

Later that afternoon a woman presented herself at the front desk and insisted that she see the attorney. The receptionist assured her it was not possible and flatly refused to let her by.

"But I'm his wife! I must see him," she protested.

"That's what they all say," replied the receptionist.

\* \* \*

Smith, an unscrupulous lawyer for a man arrested for murder, bribed a man on the jury to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter.

The jury was out for a very long time, and finally they returned with a verdict of manslaughter. Smith rushed up to the juror.

"Here's your money," he said. "I'm much obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a very hard time?"

"Sure did," replied the man, "an awfully hard time. The other eleven wanted to acquit."

\* \* \*

The devil went to the office of Ed Brown, a lawyer, with a proposition. Folding his tail under him, he sat down in the office and leaned forward.

"I'd like you to sell me your soul," he said wickedly.

The lawyer drummed his fingers on the desk.

"And what are you prepared to offer?"

"In exchange for your soul, I'll give you all the money you could ever want, plus fame, power, and respect."

The lawyer pondered the devil's words for several minutes.

"Hummmmm," he muttered. "There must be a catch somewhere."

Next  
Submission  
Deadline:  
January 15





## EDITORIAL

### TWAS THE TNIGHT TBEFORE TFINALS

'Twas the night before finals  
and all through the school  
all the students were cramming  
learning black-letter rule.

The study rooms were all filled  
with those wracked with despair  
Well, hey, who ever promised  
that law school was fair?

While some fell asleep,  
Gilbert's held by their side,  
Others downed their tenth cup,  
put their heads down and cried.

The outline all bleary,  
the minutes still pass,  
Sheer panic of failing  
("Why'd I ever take this class?")

At last it's the day,  
and it's 9:30 a.m.,  
what wouldn't you give  
for an hour's REM.

The pens are laid out  
in rows nice and straight.  
So what made you think  
you would need more than eight?

Your outline's committed  
to memory's sight  
but your damn random number --  
can't remember it right.

Pick a new one at random,  
write it down as you start.  
You pray it belongs  
to somebody smart.

You open your Coke  
(the room's starting to spin)  
And then someone says it:  
"Get ready. Begin."

You fill up one blue book  
and start on the next.  
No one had reckoned  
you could write your own text!

An hour is gone,  
and your hand's getting numb  
You aren't quite sure  
which finger's your thumb.

Three hours have passed  
and you've come out in one piece  
(More or less, I suppose)  
You crawl out on your knees.

No rest for the weary,  
No peace for the damned  
It's time to get ready  
for the next final exam.

And then the last blue book  
Is closed on your fear:  
Happy Holidays to all,  
See you next year!

— A.G.C. (with some help from past editors)

# Best of Luck on Your Final Exams!

## THE VILLANOVA DOCKET

### BOARD OF EDITORS

**Editor-in-Chief**  
Angeline G. Chen

**Associate Editors**  
Scott Donnini  
Mark Helwig  
**Sports Editor**  
John Lago

**Layout Editor**  
Laurence Esmonde

**Business Editor**  
Kenneth Liebman

**Photography**  
Kevonne Small  
Chris Tkacik

*The Villanova Docket* is published monthly by the students of Villanova University School of Law, Villanova, PA 19085. Letters and articles are welcome from students, faculty, alumni and the community. Paid advertisements are also accepted. *The Villanova Docket* is distributed free to all current students, faculty and administrators. Alumni who wish to receive *The Villanova Docket* by mail should notify *The Villanova Docket* office at the above address. The opinions expressed herein are solely those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Docket* editors and staff or the Villanova University School of Law.

**Faculty Advisor**  
Prof. John Cannon

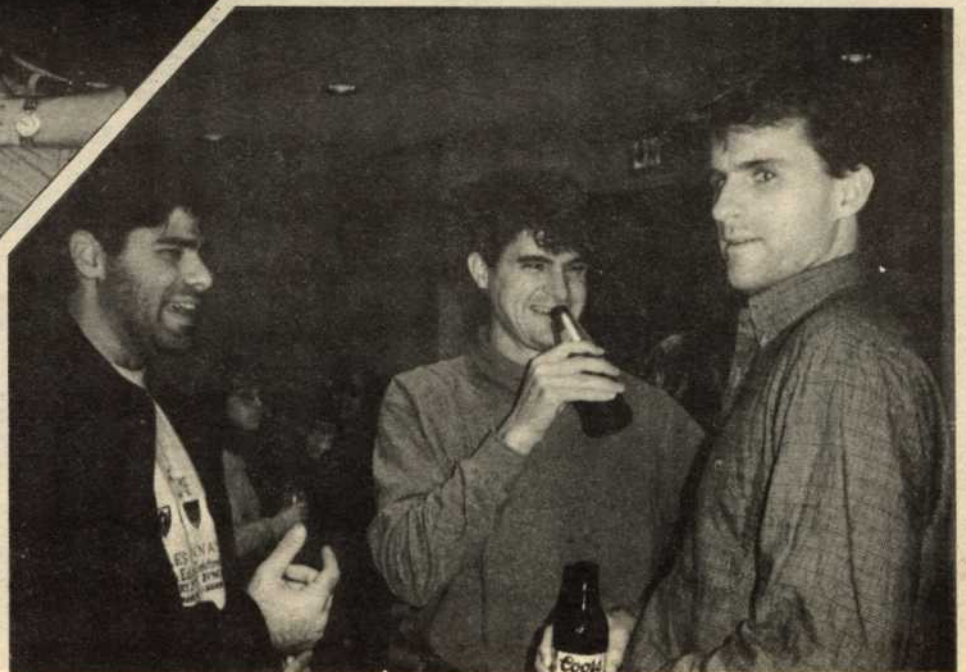
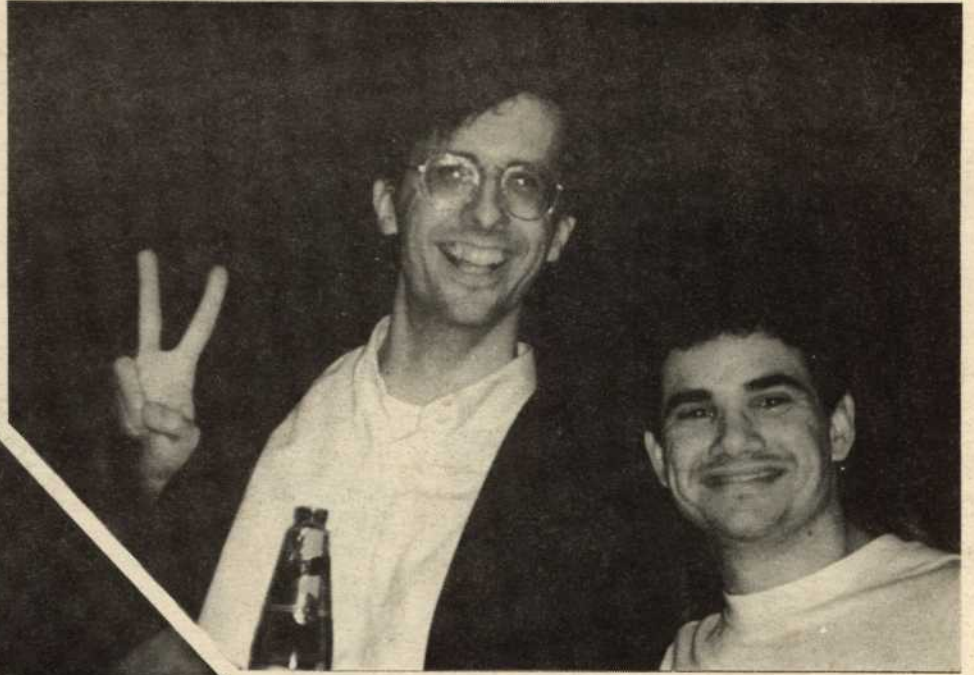


EVENTS





## EVENTS





## ROVING REPORTER



"For my parents to send me far, far away from this school. To fund a ski trip to Lake Tahoe, California."  
— Lisa Bandelli (2L)



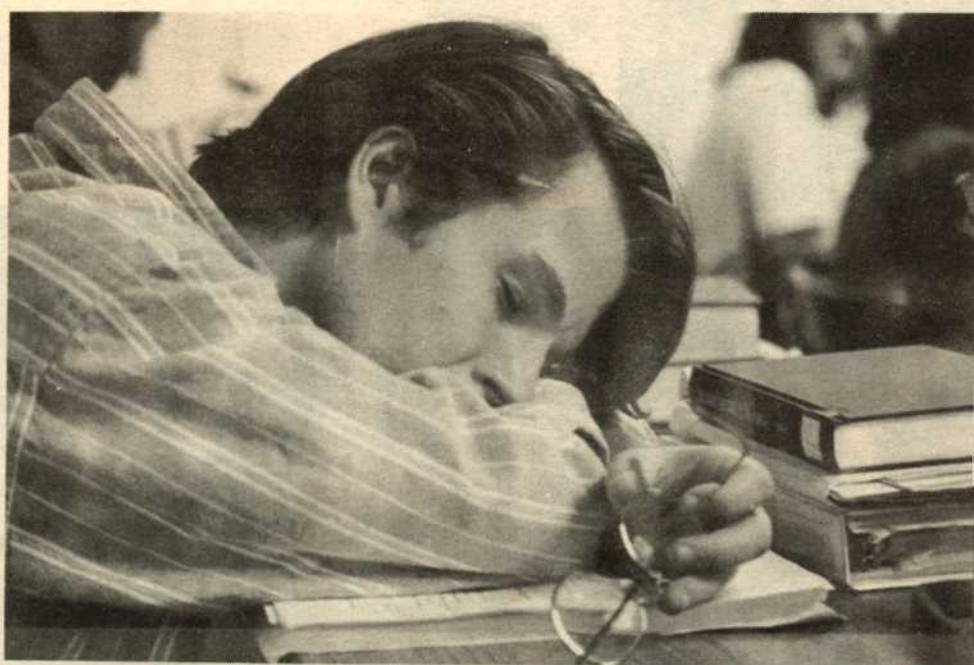
"For Tom Dougherty to change his conservative Republican ways and become a liberal Democrat. Tom, leave the dark side of the force."  
— John Forkin (2L)



"I hope the GAP starts selling Levi's."  
— Catherine Barth (2L)



"To get my picture in The Docket."  
— Dave Aiken (2L)



"Just one more Levin class. Just one more!"  
— Scott Donnini (3L)



"Eight consecutive hours of sleep. But I'd settle for four. And can I have a pony, too?"  
— Angie Chen (3L)



## COMMENTARY

## 1-900-BOB-TALK

Christmas through the eyes of a young child is a magical experience. I really don't know how I learned about Santa Claus because it always seemed to be a foregone conclusion that, come December 25th, there'd be scads of presents under a tree the whole family helped to decorate. What was even better was that Santa not only knew that my parents had children, but that my maternal grandparents would only see their grandchildren on Christmas Eve. This, of course, meant that Santa would make an early delivery to their house so that my sisters and I wouldn't miss a present. On Christmas day, we would open presents at our house and then go to my paternal grandparents house, so that the gifts Santa left under THEIR tree could be opened by my cousins, my sisters and, of course, me. It seemed that wherever one of our family members put up a tree, we kids would make out like bandits. Of course there was a catch. Since Santa was an alleged god-like creature blessed with powers of omniscience, we would have to behave — all year round, in theory. However, we soon learned that transforming ourselves into little darlings from the day after Thanksgiving (i.e. Black Friday) until the moment we'd go to bed on Christmas Eve would suffice. I know, this doesn't explain why Santa would make an early delivery to my maternal grandparents house, but such is life.

This arrangement was fine with my sisters and me. We'd initiate our conspiracy of sickening sweetness the day after Thanksgiving. This meant no fighting, no bickering, helping Mom with the dishes and bathing



plot whose aim was to drive American parents insane by brainwashing their children into behaving themselves year-round? No one knew, but one thing was certain — someone was messing with our young and impressionable minds while all we could do was panic.

Upon our return to school in September, the school was buzzing with conflicting rumors. Corporate advertisers initiated the whole thing to encourage early Christmas shopping so that retail outlets could see black BEFORE Black Friday; Santa was contemplating farming out toy production

After an inevitably sleepless night, Pat and I continued our investigation at school. It wasn't looking good for Old Saint Nick. The older kids said that we were a bunch of gullible imbeciles for believing in something as preposterous as Santa Claus. Who in their right mind would spend all of his time overseeing toy production so little brats could be happy when there was absolutely nothing in it for him beside that fuzzy feeling you're supposed to get after you do something nice? They had a point. For Pat and me, goodness was just a ruse so we could get the best toys and become

multi-billion dollar enterprise. The advent of plastic trees coupled with the dwindling number of real trees meant that Garden Centers everywhere would hoard all of the nice trees, creating a demand that would result in your paying one-hundred dollars for an 8-foot tree the Boy Scouts used to sell you for ten. It reached its ugliest as parents, intent on proving their love for their children, ended up in fist-fights over those ridiculous-looking Cabbage Patch Dolls, suggested retail price \$19.99, but YOU can have it for \$150. The anticipation was gone. Our parents wouldn't feel compelled to

mas? Better yet, here's the money, go buy something nice for yourself." With finals well into the third week of December, some of us don't even have time to shop for ourselves with such new found wealth. The few times we do get out to shop remind us of how depressing it can be when you have to rummage through displays of candy canes, wrapping paper and ornaments just to get to the Halloween decorations and rubber Tricky Dick Nixon masks. Looks like the overly-eager advertisers ruined it for everyone.

Signed,  
Bob, "Bring back the  
enchanted innocence of my  
childhood," Turchi

## How Not to Succeed

(Continued from page 1)

this and will insist that they were deliberately placed there for pedagogical purposes (a phrase you will hear a lot). For example, suppose Don throws acid at Pat. (Notice that "Don" begins with a "D," as does the word "Defendant," and that "Pat" begins with "P," as does the word "Plaintiff." These professors are geniuses.) The exam doesn't tell you whether the acid made contact — i.e., a harmful or offensive "touching" (what a moronic word) — with Pat. You should confront this ambiguity and write the following:

The facts don't say whether the acid touched Pat. If it did not, it was an assault. If it did, it was a battery. Of course, it was clearly a battery if it was — battery acid!!!

Professors just love humorous asides like this, and will probably give you several points of extra credit.

After the exam, do not review — or "post-mortem" — the exam with other students. This is very depressing — especially if you can't even agree whether it was a torts exam or a contracts exam. On the other hand, if some persistent bozo absolutely insists on reviewing the exam with you, be sure to point out several issues that were *not* on the exam. This will cost him several days' sleep and, probably, thirty pounds.

## If Santa hadn't graced our friends with the latest toys like ours, it was proof positive that Santa loved us more.

regularly, but who cared? We knew it was a small price to pay for the wanton materialism which would abound on Christmas morning. The one thing we could count on was that the toy companies, as well as the other holiday-oriented enterprises, would begin reminding us about Christmas the day AFTER Thanksgiving — a convenient indicator that I would have to meet with my co-conspirators on Black Friday. We'd all have off from school and could discuss the details of our fiendish plot during channel 48's yearly presentation of "A Miracle on 34th Street." Ah, life in Margate, N.J. was so simple then. As long as we kept to the script, we'd eventually make out like Marv Michelson's client in a palimony suit. And if we were lucky, Santa would bring me G.I. Joe with the "Kung-Fu Grip," while my sisters would get the latest Barbies. Of course we liked bigger gifts as well, but these smaller trinkets could be brought to school. If Santa hadn't graced our friends with the latest toys like ours, it was proof positive that Santa loved us more. But years later, things would get complicated — the holiday advertisers would jump the gun with early ad campaigns. Their refusal to adhere to the script jeopardized everything. Our traditional Black Friday meeting was rendered meaningless and the scope of our scheme uncertain.

We never did figure out the "Christmas in July" thing. Did this mean that we'd have to wash the sand off of our feet after coming home from the beach? Would refusal to do so enrage Santa to the point of giving us coal? Or was this a Communist

to companies in West Germany, Hong Kong, the U.S. and Taiwan, forcing the elves to choose between collecting unemployment compensation or becoming human footballs in the Midget-Tossing festivities in local bars across the United States; Santa loved us so much that he couldn't wait another year before he'd shower us with more presents (I personally started that last one. Can you blame me?) Then came the Granddaddy of all Christmas rumors — Santa wasn't for real! My only recourse was to contact my best childhood buddy, Pat Grady, the head of Longport, N.J. faction of our once iron-clad Organization of Christmas Conspiracies.

Pat and I vowed to get to the bottom of this. Early advertising was one thing, but spreading unwarranted rumors about Santa was blasphemous; punishable by death for treason in some uncivilized nations in the world. We contacted Pat's brother Sean, our consigliere on matters of paramount importance. It was old hat for him. He explained that the early advertising was, in fact, a corporate plot to boost revenues. He said Santa's existence was questionable at best. "Use your head," he demanded, "how could some old bag fly around the universe in one night? Why do Macy's, Gimbel's and Strawbridge's each have THEIR OWN Santas?" Such harsh words induced immediate denial. "The multiple Santas must be Santa's helpers who make the necessary public appearances so the man can rest up for his impending 24-hour gift-giving spree," we argued. "Let it go," Sean said. "If you don't believe me, ask the older kids at school, they'll tell you."

the envy of the Margate City School District. What could possibly be in it for the Old Man? We were clueless, but why should we believe the pre-pubescent ravings of the fifth-graders who thought they knew it all? They were obviously thinking too logically. Santa HAD to be real. Our parents never injected logic into the whole Christmas thing. We'd HAVE to ask them.

Our worst nightmares had been confirmed when Pat and I confronted my mother with the ultimate question. The look on her face said it all — "Oh no, they've finally developed enough brain cells to realize that parents everywhere have been lying to their children for centuries! How can we parents ever hope to scare them into behaving themselves for extended periods of time?" After years of therapy, I realized that our parents had their own conspiracy. They'd hold Santa over our heads in order to riddle us with guilt every time we broke one of their rules. To them, Santa was just a tool to achieve parental domination over their children. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive. (That last sentence isn't mine.) We thought our conspiracy of goodness had fooled everyone — our parents, our teachers, even Jolly Old Saint Nick himself. Until then, we never knew that they had a superior conspiracy that made ours look like Church Bingo. And what started this whole mess? Early advertising.

Yes, the early advertising scheme forced us to question the continued validity of our script. It all started to make sense. The early ad campaigns transformed our quaint little holiday into a

spend as much money on us now that their "toys for good behavior" scam had finally been uncovered. Now that we're older, there's not even the pretense of surprise. "What are you going to ask Santa to bring you for Christmas?" has been replaced with, "What do you want me to buy you this Christ-





## COMMENTARY

## Why Ask Why?



Billy (left) is an Angora. Kirby (right) is an Alpine.

by Michael Tarringer

Back in September, my wife Susan told me about a local newscast that reported on a religious cult, stationed at a house in Philadelphia, that had been raided by the police because the group was sacrificing animals in the name of its religion. During the news footage, Susan took notice of one of the few remaining survivors of the incident, a baby goat, (also known as a "kid") and discussed with me the possibility of adopting the animal. After we agreed to pursue the adoption, I contacted the Pennsylvania S.P.C.A., where the goat had been sent. To make a long story short, the goat, appropriately named Billy, is now comfortably living in a barn, on my property, with his

newly adopted brother, Kirby (who was almost sold for food).

Why am I telling you all this? Well, it turns out that the United States Supreme Court is in the process of deciding a case concerning animal rights and the freedom of religion. The issue comes down to this: Does the freedom of religion, guaranteed by the Constitution, allow practitioners of a religion to kill animals in order to serve their religious convictions? My initial reaction, as an animal lover, is that this should be an open-and-shut case in favor of protecting animals from harm. Then, the law student in me started to come out and said, "Wait a minute! What about the argument that people sacrifice animals all the time — for food

— and isn't killing them to serve a religious belief just as reasonable?" After speaking with my wife about it, we acknowledged that slaughterhouses aren't much better than the religious cults, but killing animals in the name of religion makes no sense. As far as I'm concerned, no god worth worshipping, would expect me to kill an animal to honor my beliefs.

As a result of this experience, Susan and I are now exploring the possibility of becoming vegetarians. At present, we both eat meat a lot less than we did before the semester started, and sometimes it's really hard (take Thanksgiving for example). But every time I look at Billy and Kirby, it gets easier. After all, they're my "kids."

## The Story of Hanukkah

By Jewish Law Society

Hanukkah is a minor Jewish holiday aggrandized because it falls near Christmas. The story of Hanukkah is not in the Torah (5 Books of Moses), Prophets, or Psalms. Because it is not in the Tanach (Bible), the holiday has no religious significance. The story of Hanukkah is written in a separate group of books called the Apocrapha.

The Story of Hanukkah

Prior to 200 B.C.E. the Jewish people ruled in Judea. As the Greek empire expanded, the Assyrians conquered Judea. Part of their method of rule was to force all of the Jews to convert by sword point. Many Jews were converting. The Assyrians also turned the Holy Temple into a pagan temple to worship the Greek deities. They set up a statue on the altar and forced the Jewish population to come and worship it. (This is a serious offense because it violates the second commandment of no graven images.)

The Jews gathered at the desecrated Temple by order of the Assyrians. The soldiers forced the leaders of the community to either convert or die. If a person chose to convert, he was forced to bow down to the idol before the entire gathering. After many men had humiliated themselves by betraying their G-d and their people, one man separated himself from the crowd.

Matthias was shocked and horrified at the sight of the Jews violating the Commandments and betraying their G-d. He pretended to go to the altar as if he too were going to convert. However, when he reached the altar, he yelled "Whoever is with G-d follow me!"

Matthias and his five sons and those who joined their ranks

began to fight a terrorist-type war against the Assyrians. They hid by day in the Judean hills and attacked the Assyrians by night. Judah became the hero of the story for his great feats of bravery in battle and his strategy that led the Jews to victory.

There are many reasons given for the victory of so few Jews against the mighty Assyrian empire. The empire had begun to disintegrate and the Assyrians were more concerned with protecting other conquered lands. Or the refusal of the Jews to become civilized or assimilated finally defeated them. Many believe it was a miracle.

When the fighting was finally over, the Jews came down from the hills and began to put their country back together. The Holy Temple had been destroyed, but the Menorah (candelabra with seven branches one for each day of the week) still stood outside. However, only oil that was specially blessed and sealed was allowed in the menorah which must be kept lit at all times. The only bottle of oil the Jews could find was so small that it would only last one day. Unfortunately, the process to make the oil took eight days. The second miracle of Hanukkah is that the oil lasted for eight days until the new oil was made.

Today Hanukkah is celebrated for eight days and on each day, a candle is lit in the Chanukia (to be differentiated from a menorah b/c lit only on Hanukkah and there are nine candles not seven) until there are eight candles burning, one for each day it took to make the oil. (The ninth candle is always lit during Hanukkah and it is used to light the other eight.)

Midrashim

There are many midrashim (stories not necessarily true) associated with Hanukkah.

One is a story about how a woman really won the war. The wife of Matthias, whose name has been obscured over time but we can call her Hannah, was determined to help her people win the battle against the Assyrians. She gathered all the Jewish women and together they made two baskets full of cheese latkes (pancake). Hannah took the latkes to the camp of the Assyrians. Because she is a woman the Assyrian guards did not see Hannah as a threat and let her into the camp. Hannah used her beauty to charm her way into the General's tent where she set out the food she had brought. The General ate many of the latkes and his mouth became dry. Luckily, Hannah had come prepared for just such a contingency. Hannah had also prepared two bottles of wine heavily laced with a drug that would make the General fall asleep. As the General slept peacefully on his cot, Hannah chopped off his head with his own sword. In the dark of night, she raised the severed head on a tent pole and fled into the hills. The other Jewish women had given similar treatment to the other officers of the Assyrian army. When the living soldiers awoke to find all of those heads raised above the camp, they fled in fear.



## What Bill Clinton Will Mean to America

by Sal Pastino

It is nearly time for the inauguration of America's 42nd President, Bill Clinton. The United States has for the time being broken away from the worthless, destructive Reagan-Bush philosophy of trickle-down economics and domestic concerns will be put over those of foreign policy. While Clinton won the election with a huge majority of the electoral vote, his popular vote margin of victory was a mere three percent. While America is confident enough for change, it is not so confident about President Bill Clinton. His policies bring back many painful memories of the failed Carter Administration. Many are fearful that Clinton's policies could bring us back to the misery that plagued us during that time. Will President Bill Clinton really be, as promised, a new kind of Democracy?

It was former Democratic senator Paul Tsongas who referred to President Clinton as "pander-bear," referring to the new President's tendency to try to be all things to all people. He lacks the charisma of New York Governor Mario Cuomo and his voice problems only aggravate matters. Such problems are very damaging even with a Democratically controlled House and Senate. President Clinton must somehow get hard liners such as Sam Nunn to agree with liberals such as Tom Harkin. It is not going to happen. Already Nunn is angry that Clinton is considering allowing homosexuals and lesbians in the military and there is similar grumbling within the Democratic Party concerning President Clinton's views on abortion.

Many military leaders do not trust President Clinton due to his youth and complete lack of foreign policy experience. Despite what they say, world leaders neither trust nor like Clinton and will do everything possible to make his foreign policies fair. Many generals will probably retire rather than be under his command; shaking the military establishment's confidence in its new Commander-in-Chief. In order to win the confidence of the military the new President must fight hard to avoid hopeless debacles such as military involvement in the civil war in Yugoslavia. If there has to be any action, it must be limited exclusively to air strikes to separate the two fighting sides. History shows that such action there would trap the United States in

a hopeless war which would be better settled by United Nations negotiations, sanctions and naval blockades.

What about President Clinton's plans to review the American economy? It was H. Ross Perot who compared the economy of Clinton's home state of Arkansas to that of a grocery store. There is some good reason for that view. Although Clinton has created thousands of jobs in the state in the last twelve years he was governor, they exclusively came through one low paying industry: chicken farming. With so little diversity in the Arkansas economy the state would be thrown into a fiscal crisis if one or two chicken farmers pulled out in the near future. The pollution problems the state faces have also come through that industry. The millions of tons of chicken waste in the state have not degraded when buried and have polluted water supplies everywhere. It is with bad experience like this that he insists that he will act from the day he is sworn into office to salvage this nation's economy.

What about Vice-President Al Gore? His choice as President Clinton's running mate certainly helped him win the election, but now a new problem has materialized. The President has a Vice-President who outdoes him in terms of speech, appearance and political connections. Al Gore is an ultra-environmentalist whose pollution policies drive more corporations out of the United States and into Mexico where pollution laws are unenforced or non-existent. As Vice-President, Gore is now the head of NASA and he intends to dismantle the Moon, Mars and space station programs. This stupid move will virtually assure the destruction of the space agency and hamper technological advancements that we need to bring about economic recovery. Gore's NASA policies are the Clinton Administration's first mistake.

America bravely made its choice for change in the last election. The Clinton policies will make much of this change a very painful experience whether or not President Bill Clinton will gain the experience necessary during the next four years to guide the nation through a treacherous economic course is a question that cannot be answered. All we know now is that as Americans we are ready for change; thus far we do not yet trust the man who will bring some of that change about.

## Overheard

"Statutes, like Irish waiters, all look alike."

— Classroom

"I had a guy once."

— Library

"I prefer to put it in one hand and then just break it."

— Courtyard

"Can't you control yourself and keep it down?"

— Computer room

"It just won't go in!"

— Lounge